THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

WOO YOU AND WIN YOU!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WALTER WILDFOOD.

Woo you and win you! They say you were courted
By one who's was wearing your love in pretence,
But with his affections and interests divided,
And treated a deed and to the suit he did press.
For he had to consult, and to write, and to read,
And all your solicitous woes unwisely and proud,
And you had the misfortune of riches to hinder,
Could never go with him in poverty's crowd.

Woo you and win you! They say that instead,
If love worthy the love you offered his love,
But as you believe did, so now you did neither
Because I had asked you before you were old.

Woo you and win you! I think I had better
Ask the question, the question of my life,
Then leave myself and up on Hymen's right terror
To see as to night whether or not you are wrong.
They say, too, you always are scolding and fretful,
If ought is amiss from the plate it should be:
So if we were married, I'm sure I should catch it
Your volleys of rhymes by diversity at me.

Woo you and win you! I'm resolved to say sorry,
Because you are neutral you'll die an old maid.
But as to repented that you are so sorry,
I vow that to say you I'm rather afraid.
Besides, if I would, you might give me the mitten.
Then I like the chicken would be in the hatch—
I will at once make up my mind to write wrong
Widow the big hook that they keep in the church.

Rockport, Mass.

OH, WHY SHOULD WE LANGUISH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CHARLES G. HOLLEY.

Oh, why should we languish while pleasures are glowing
More plant lustre, prodigy, her blessings is throwing
To all of the children—a portion for each?

A way or dark bridage of darkness and sorrow.
Was equation of fancy and vicious sorrow.
That gleams and a pebble that dies on the morrow,
Away—and forever, memoir ever!

For Fates and a spirit is ever the creeping
Their night-cloak and hemlock, deep mingled with gall.
But see! from behind their dark visages peering,
Such sorrows and blessings are professed to all!

Then why should we languish, when pleasures are glowing
We know them to be such, fall often, when alive—
Then why should we languish, and listened to sighs
Oh, cease then to murmur, and recover no more.

Away ye dark bridage of darkness and sorrow.
Away ye dark bridage of darkness and sorrow.
Who operates at the bottom of misery's deep?
Pale ghosts and lean goblins that die on the morrow.
Away—and forever, memoir ever!

Original Sketch.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JOHN JONES, JR.

It is now almost five years since I met with a little adventure on South Fork, which was rather exciting. It caused me a good deal of excitement at the time, regrets afterwards, but I have thought of it often, and since a lately laugh since. New things come upon us so rapidly, that it is almost impossible to keep the run of them, and if it is not at all surprising that those who are content to go along in the "good old ways" have not been far to be caught napping. I own that I was completely.

I landed on the east bank of the spring of the year, and kept me in Ohio for the entire summer of that year. After a hard day's ride in the month of August, I arrived just before sunset, at a certain town lying on the national road, where I expected to remain for a week. I had a number of engagements at my room at the hotel, starting, washing, and inspecting my appearance in other respects, I came down and took a seat in the bar-room, and looked along the front of the house. I had not been here very long before the stage from the East drove up, and the passengers, who were to take supper, as this was a stage house, alighted. Among them I noticed a woman, with a pale, emaciated, and, I would have said, dying child in her arms. Her eyes bore an expression of sadness and suspense. She was accompanied by a man, whom I rightly supposed to be her husband. He immediately went to the bar and ordered a room, saying that his child was too sick to proceed that night, and that they must have the best they could supply.

"Do you wish a doctor?" asked the landlord.

"No," replied the man. "We have medicine prescribed by our own physician before we left home. If that does no good we have little confidence in any physician, I assure you."

No more was said. The man was shown to his room, whither he retired with his wife and sick child. The room, it so happened, was next to mine, and the two rooms were separated by a door, which was, of course, closed and fastened.

The emaciated child and anxious mother presently all night of that lonely room, and the pleasure of my liveliest sympathies. I could not get them from my thoughts.

About ten o'clock that night I took a candle and went up to my room. Before undressing myself I sat down at a table to make some entries of collections and expenses, and to think over and arrange my business for the next day. All was still except now and then a slight movement in the next chamber, showing that parents were sitting up with their sick child."

"What did you give him last?" I heard the father say in a low but distinct voice.

"Arsenic," was so distinctly replied.

This I knew to be a deadly poison. I listened, you may be sure, with a more earnest attention.

"How many grains?" the father asked.

"Two," replied the mother.

"I was afraid it was too much," my host began to say.

"I had to hold better increase the dose in five grains."

Horrible!

"It's an hour since he took the last, and I see no change," said the father, after a pause. "Perhaps we had better try the arsenic."

My host paused, and at this murderous proposal I rose. I had like starting up, bursting open the door, and confronting them in their dreadful work. But, as if rapid-handed, I restrained myself. I was, to the last proposition, for one reason or other.

"I would rather not do anything more in a hurry case. If, it will do less, there is no visible effect from it, then we will resort to the arsenic."

"If you think best," said the mother, in a low, sad voice,—"and the night be and ever such arsenic-mad,—but let us try the remedy again, but in a larger dose. You will find it on the mantel-piece."

I heard the deliberate tread of the man, as he crossed the room for a larger dose of the poison, while I hastily deformed the question of what I should do. Before I could make up my mind to act, I heard his returning steps. A few moments of awful stillness succeeded. I felt as if I were in the midst of a sphere, with the gratifying forces from every point of the circumference upon me. I don't think I could have moved a limb to have prevented my life.

"There! Let us see what that will do," came distinctly upon my ear.

Another interval. The deed was done. Five grains of arsenic given to the tender child, already on the verge of death! The cold sweat came out all over my body, and I stood in a perfect agony of open my forehead. All was still. Death was in that child, and I knew it. I say still, under the influence of a strange irresolution, or inherent of cowardice, I did not rush into the room, or stop to take as a matter where all was secure as plain as daylight. I do not know what made me act as I did. The fact only is, that I did not. I sat down, my senses paralyzed, and unable to think or act. I heard the mother sob, and the father groan. Then all was still. I remember nothing more, I remember nothing in myself, as a justification for not intruding on that solemn scene of sorrow.

"It is too late now. Five and three are eight. Eight grains of arsenic! There is no longer a vestige of hope for the child," I said to myself.

I did not rise from where I sat; and tried to bush my thoughts, and to quiet the loud pulsations of my heart, but even they should be heard, and betray my proximity to the wretches.

"I am so tired and sleepy," I heard the mother, and the succeeding sound of voices; but though I listened eagerly, I was not able to make out what they said. I heard the bowl of the man across the room; and I heard his return. I thought of the arsenic; and said, to myself, at the same time, "They will not need that." The woman was speaking.

"Was that the arsenic?"

"Yes."

"How many grains did you give him?"

"I mean to say, I gave him three, but, as mistake, gave him six or seven."

It was too late, now, for any interference. But, I thought, I would see the woman, should not accept. I was on our witness to their murderous acts, and resolved to bring them to the light. While I thus mused and resolved, I was thrilled by a long, piercing shriek. I knew that the child—the child again still as death, save an occasional deep sob that seemed bursting up from the remotest of stifled sorrow in the mother's heart. Again that cry came suddenly on the air, but feebler and shorter. The mother's sob and cry became a moan, and soon changed to a low, wailing cry. Her child was dead. The fatal drops had too surely done their work. Another sob! But why should she weep over the precious babe her own hand had destroyed? And why moan now at having to laugh at what had occurred in their hearts content; and to laugh at me in particular. I stood at that moment as well as I could, but, feeling, on the next day, that it was reserved with as keen a zest as ever, and proceeded to my business on the spot, and leave the place—which I did.

I have never made another mistake of the kind; and am now less people talk of giving their children arsenic for colic, bellyache, fever, and the other diseases entered the room where the mother and child were, and found the child dead. Their parents round the woman in cry bitterly.

"False-hearted, cruel wretch!" I could not help muttering to myself. "Hypocrites! Your child is irremediable here, will not look your son. As sat, at which you poisoned it, has heard proper! Suicide! pairs, and been witness to your hellish deeds upon his body and his soul. You cannot escape—you shall. The voice of blood cries from the very ground.—The hope of the murderer is vain. He cannot hide himself from God."

For half of the night I lay awake thinking of what had occurred, setting up my mind for the course of proceedings to adopt in the morning. I was up long before breakfast, in fact before any one else was stirring, scanning the appearance of the landlord, to whom I was my intention to give information of the dreadful deed that had been committed. Full as here elapsed before he made his appearance, and I immediately after him stride.

"There has been a death in the house," said I.

"Yes," replied he. "The child that was sick was brought here by the Eastern stage, last evening, died in the night. I didn't suppose it would live until morning. To me it seemed in a dying state when its parents arrived."

"Parents indeed!" I said, with emphasis.

"That child has not died a natural death."

"What!" said he, put down some of "asked the landlord, with a look of surprise.

"I mean what I say," was my reply. "As sure as I am a living man, that child was poisoned."

He then related all that I had heard, to the astonishment and horror of the landlord.

"A deed like this must not go unpunished," he said, when I had finished. "It is terrible to think of!"

After talking over the matter for some time, it was determined to call a council of half a dozen of the principal citizens of the place, to whom the case should be laid over, and decide upon the steps best to be taken. Accordingly, after breakfast a few of us assembled at the landlord's, to the bar and were with monotonous, all that I had heard. After considerable expression of horror and indignation, the question said to me—

"Are you sure it was grains, or grannies of arsenic and arsenic that were given to the child?"

"Grains, sir," I replied, promptly.

"Are you certain of it?" he added, "and if there should be any mistake, it would be and injustice to the parents to charge them with such deeds?"

"I can't believe my own ears, sir," said I, a little indignantly.

"Don't misunderstand me," returned the gentleman, politely. "I don't doubt your having heard all you say; and it may be, even in the worst sense, that you have understood aright that the arsenic and arsenic given were in the homeopathic preparations, and, therefore, no longer poisonous."

"Was a long pause after this was said. Every one present seemed to breathe more freely. I had heard of homeopathy, and something about infinitesimal doses, but had never seen the medicine used; neither did I know any thing about the mode in which it was sometimes prescribed. Consequently, I was at a loss to know what to think, and question him, but in a way not to wound his feelings.

"Then, after some debate, was agreed upon, and the landlord, in a manner, undertook to see what he would come to the parlor. He obeyed the summons instantly, but looked a good deal surprised when he saw a group of persons in the room of the house. The gentleman who had suggested the matter, in the first place, then stated to him as he had taken a seat,

"We have learned, sir, with sincere regret, that your wife has been shortsome as to lose your child last night; a severe affliction. Though stranger, we have felt a deep sympathy in your

The man expressed his thanks in few words, but with a feeling that showed a great deal of his being their only child, they felt the affliction the more severely; but were still willing to submit to the will of God, and to bear their sorrow; grievous to be borne, yet intended for good.

"You did not call in a Physician," said the individual who had first addressed him.

"No," replied the man. "Before starting for Cincinnati, yesterday morning, we learned that an eminent here ill our child might become, we could not get the advice of a Homeopathic Physician, until we reached home; and we were not willing to trust our child in the hands of any other. We, therefore, broke our journey, abandoned medicine, and spirits here to homeopathy, should alarming symptoms occur."

"Homeopathic medicines."

"Yes, sir."

"In powders, I suppose?"

"No, sir; in globules, grains, or pellets, like this!"

And he drew from his pocket a diminutive vial, the smallest I had ever seen, in which were a number of little white globules. A shout arose of the head of a pin. A pointed label was wound around this vial; and it bore the name of homeopathy. It passed from hand to hand, and all read it.

"Is that the arsenic?" the volunteer spokesman.

"Yes, sir; that and aconite."

"How much is a dose?"

"Five grains."

"Or grannies?"

"No."

The little bottle was returned to the man, who put it in his pocket. A shout arose of the truth was plain enough to us all. The individual whose sagacity or better information about what I had heard, was in the world, had prevented a most painful denouement to this affair, and to the man in a way all to possible calculated to wound his feelings.

"Then," of course, expressed at that proceeding—this, seemingly, wanton intrusion upon your grief. But you will understand it, when I tell you that a lodger in a room adjoining yours, who knew nothing of Homeopathy, heard you speak of giving your child several grains of aconite and arsenic. You can easily infer the impression upon his mind. This morning he related what he had heard, where an individual here present, who suspected the truth, suggested that you be sent for and asked the question whether you have or not sufficiently answered. Do not, let me beg of you, feel hurt. What we have done we have not all by choice to yourself."

The man smiled easily, and thanking us with eyes fast filling with tears, rose up quickly to conceal his emotions, and retired from the room.

"Landlord," said I, as soon as he was gone, "I must my value taken: out of No. 19 and put into some other room."

"Why so? Isn't the room a pleasant one?"

"Yes, sir, but I don't like to occupy it."

"Very well. We'll put you in No. 16."

"I am the "lodger in the room adjoining," and not willing to betray you to the citizen. But my name shall be known by the man as the gutter up of a certain paper. I did not come home to dinner, and kept out of the way until after night. When I went to bed, I was ordered to find that the bereaved parents had departed with the dead body of their child. But the whole company there, I was now at liberty to laugh at what had occurred in their hearts content; and to laugh at me in particular. I stood at that evening as well as I could, but, feeling, on the next day, that it was reserved with as keen a zest as ever, and proceeded to my business on the spot, and leave the place—which I did.

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Selected Poetry.

FROM THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE FLIGHT OF GENIUS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Where in their Northern grandeur lie
Old Grimner's mountains, bleak and high,
Where waves give back the glorious sky
And all unwonted to the sun,
They deep, majestic symphony
An Eagle has begun.

Through upper air into his flight's bold rang.
And o'er mountains, and o'er the sea,
They throng with angry muttering,
Their native land, the eagle's king.
But he sinkes the small bird from his wing
And rapidly soars on!

Yet a minute, darker still is night—
Wild storms come sweeping down!
Their thunders the deep ground shake,
Their red lights gleam on the quivering eye,
Scared birds to their nests fly!

But the Eagle still soars on!

(some high! for the thunder's realm o'erpass
Now warm waves his wings,
Where no storm his way may oversee,
Overwings the lightning and the sea,
Lo, a golden cloud receives at last
The God of the mighty wing!

Selected Tale.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The another mass, which shines in so many a tale, was beaming over a broad extent of agricultural country, when Mr. Leonard says were flung into a spring of water, where an traveller, lading on the water, but on the hilly road beside which it gushes, even failed to quench his thirst. The water, however, was deemed by a pious little band, his silent thirst blessed benefits. An open canteen, berts and hallowed out of wood, and fashioned by hand had not seen for another drop, and the canteen, which had been carried from the cottage, there was a secret charm that forbade it to remain there. I remember, that when I had added my share together without looking at her receipt, had sent into the world with too much of one sort of her and too scanty any of another.

"Friend," said the young Shaker, in some perplexity, "seeing all be lighter and more portable troubles, and, doubtless, I should pity them if could but understand what they mean."

"Nay, then, Brother Theophilus," replied the poet, "I do not mean to be a poet, nor Heaven be praised! do I think Heaven ever made a vessel to be filled with such ugly fragments. But I am not at the eleventh hour, and almost reversed to death. At any rate, you have the advice and example of many brethren of the Shaker world, who have left their worldly cares and effects which almost gave him a right to the name of poet, and have found their reward therein."

"But why, friend," exclaimed the young Shaker, "should you, who have the means of the pretty girl, like Miriam?—Oh, I am afraid she is fond of!"

"Why, I am afraid," said she, "that she and the children, too," sobbed Miriam.

The female pilgrims had been leaning over the canteen to cool their heated faces in the water, and to hear what was said. Now, they all looked up, declaring that the lovely trembled, afraid of those who had been left behind, and of the journey that was before them, fearing that they should be brought low. The poet carried the wealth of the rich, and the rich the quiet and happiness—both had something to envy. The young man spoke of a harvest, a man who is still unborn had family for many years, for all four pilgrims, and, at last, he vanished him in his lonely career. But when he was about to congratulate the old man—the dweller of the road, on the beauty and quiet of his lonely home, he interrupted him saying, "When I first came to this place, its quiet and worldly made it attractive to me weary of the turmoil of life—but its novelty is gone, and instead I shall leave this place." The lament was not happy. And the experience of the world since

Selected Articles.

MARIA LOUISA.

Late arrivals from Europe announce the death of Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, and Ex-Empress of France, who has been a prominent part, passively rather than actively, in scenes of the mightiest events of the present century. She was the daughter of Francis I., of Austria, (the same as Francis II., of Germany,) by his second wife, Maria Theresa, daughter of Ferdinand IV. France had no less than four wives. The first and last of these, as many, but Maria Theresa gave her sixteen children. Maria Louisa was, at the time of her marriage to Napoleon, the eldest child then living of the family. When Napoleon invaded Austria, in 1809, and closed his enemies before its secret capital, he was informed that a daughter of the Emperor lay sick in the palace, from which the rest of the royal family had made their escape. And when he gave orders to avoid firing on the palace, it is probable he little dreamed that in whose protection the order was given, was soon to be his bride.

Some readers are aware that the divorce of Josephine was a measure of State policy, designed to secure an heir, but Maria Theresa gave many fourteen children. Maria Louisa was, at the time of her marriage to Napoleon, the eldest child then living of the family. When Napoleon invaded Austria, in 1809, and closed his enemies before its secret capital, he was informed that a daughter of the Emperor lay sick in the palace, from which the rest of the royal family had made their escape. And when he gave orders to avoid firing on the palace, it is probable he little dreamed that in whose protection the order was given, was soon to be his bride.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1848.

TERMS.

Single copies, $5 per annum in advance—$3 if not paid in advance.

For $5 in advance one copy will be sent three years.

To Clubs we make the following liberal offers:

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15	$15.00	" "
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For FIVE DOLLARS, we will furnish Three copies of "The Ladies' Garland" and two copies of the Saturday Evening Post for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, Seven copies of "The Ladies' Garland" and Four copies of the Saturday Evening Post will be furnished.

For FIFTEEN DOLLARS, Seven copies of "The Ladies' Garland" and Seven copies of the Saturday Evening Post will be furnished, a clergyman's copy of each to the Pastor or other person through whom the club may be raised and the money received.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, we will furnish Ten copies of "The Ladies' Garland" and Ten copies of the Saturday Evening Post, with a premium copy of each work for one year to the person raising the club and remitting the money.

For THIRTY DOLLARS, Twenty four copies of "The Ladies' Garland" and Eight copies of the Saturday Evening Post will be sent together with a premium copy of each of said publications for one year.

☞ The money for Clubs must always be remitted at once.

☞ Postmasters must always note the Post Office returned from, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DECLINED. James's piece is declined. "First attempts" are seldom worth publishing.

We have received a number of pieces of poetry; from whom, correspondents, we cannot tell, which we published some not.

Anonymous Questions. We have several of these on hand that we cannot publish, on account of not having been furnished with the answers.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

This is the time when we usually ask our present readers, to get up clubs and do what they can to increase the list a new year. We have, however, at present no wish to make a good paper, one both interesting and instructive, and we trust that our esteemed friends will think we have succeeded, but we usually send on their new names, for the new year, but still, as our exertions are, we hope, appreciated, and friends to extend our list.

The terms of the Post are as low as those of any other paper of the same size and quality. By buying the matter that has already appeared in a daily, using editors' paper, and procuring original matter, we could make up an editorial sheet at a cheaper rate, but it is the pride of the proprietors of the Post to publish an original weekly sheet, printed on good paper, with type that will not rub or spot on their subscribers. That such newspapers are wanted, and that the result is prepared to pay a fair price for a good article, is fully proven by the success of those papers which have been thought of value in proportion to their merits, and by the many changes. In conclusion we would again take the liberty of reminding our readers, that now is the time to send on back debts, and new subscriptions; and to say a good word to their neighbors on our behalf. Advertisements may be sent at our rate.

THE COURIER QUESTION.

The last number of the Courier contains a long "Address to the public," we do not say from the pen, but with the signature of Mr. McMakin, in which it is attempted to be proved that that gentleman is a highly injured and much persecuted individual. And such he appears to be as regards his "professional brethren" to take some notice of the statements therein made, we have considered it to say a few words in relation to them, notwithstanding the matter has been already fully discussed in the editorial pages.

The point upon which the whole controversy between Mr. McMakin and Mr. Holden turns, is this: Does the half of the subscription list of the Courier—bought by Mr. Holden—consist of about seven thousand dollars, and which he probably could have sold the day before for twenty five or twenty-five to thirty thousand—belong to his wife and children, or to Mr. McMakin? This is the whole question in a paragraph.

Now it is a fact beyond denial, that it has been the custom in the city, (and, in all other cities,) for editors to buy and sell the subscription lists of newspapers and other periodicals as any other property. Mr. McMakin's own statements prove this to be the case himself. Mr. Holden bought half of the concern, not from the firm whose name formerly stood at the head of the Courier, but from one of them; while he (Mr. McMakin) also bought the half he owns, of a different one, from the other partner. How then can he pretend to call the subscription list a mere good-will?

To what then was Mrs. Holden entitled upon the death of her husband? Is it not as clear as day to every unprejudiced mind? To half the balance remaining on hand, half the outstanding debts of the concern, half the value of the stock and materials, and to half the value of the subscription list. Let us give an estimate of these amounts.

Half the balance of cash on hand owned by Mr. McMakin's statement,	$ 6,000
Half the cost and surplus property of the Courier, as per Mr. McMakin's statement,	13,000
Half the value of the subscription list of [illegible] as appended,	7,000
	$ 26,000

The readers will perceive that none of the above items are conjecture, they are all "by authority." We have taken the statements of Mr. McMakin in a different point which we are commenting, the last is also from the same source, though in a different sort of an inland estimate, though in the last it was made to rest entirely upon a careful examination of the books of the concern, one of the referees being appointed by the Administrator of Mr. Holden, and the other by Mr. McMakin, both being men of respectability and good business talents. One thing more we may state, that there is very little doubt but that the sum of fifteen hundred dollars has all taken place, the subscription list would have been worth more than the last $26,000. And this was at a time when the sales had been by far the largest of the concern for two years. Subscription lists, like land stocks, are being very easily depressed.

Now the ground taken by Mr. McMakin, which rests on the whole difficulty between him and the heirs of his late partner, is simply this:

"Affidavit—see this! That Mrs. Holden was not entitled to one cent for her husband's interest in subscription list, but that, upon Mr. Holden's death, all of interest vested in him." To such a monstrous and unheard of claim, the administrators of Mr. Holden of course demurred, and the consequence was that the matter was submitted to two disinterested legal characters, one of whom was the gentleman who attended to the collection of the claims of the late firm of Mc. Makin, both being men of respectability and good business talents throughout the country.

The largest offer ever made by Mr. McMakin or Mrs. Holden's share of the whole concern, even according to his own statement, was $26,000—which is evidently absurdly deficient by $6,500 mentioned above as half the balance of cash on hand of Mr. Holden's funds, being in—making an offer of only $19,500. Now deducting the amount of outstanding debts, stock, materials, &c., valued as above at $12,000 (which valuation is evidently much too low, for $11,000 of the outstanding debts are already collected,) it leaves the value of the subscription list at only $7,500 for Mrs. Holden's half of the subscription list, while that list, under the management of the former, nominally appointed, at $35,000, and which is now very largely increased—is worth at that time $50,000.

But the Courier is worth now, what it was being at the coming sale, we believe that will soon be decided. The course pursued by Mr. McMakin, his agents and friends, appears to show that clear, and the announcement of such a sheet as the Courier, have done much to lessen the value of the subscriptions list. As Mrs. Holden had agreed not to sell the subscription list, the publication of the paper until its sale, these things could not and to prevent. She has, however, declared through Mr. Reed, her counsel, that if Mr. McMakin legally responsible, as case the result of the sale should prove that the value of the list has been seriously impaired by his unjustifiable proceedings.

But we think it needless to comment much further upon the statements of Mr. McMakin. Only one fact more will we mention. Mr. McMakin in his Address, speaks of the removal of Judge King, before that gentlemen went to Europe, to grant the injunction applied for by the administrators of Mr. Holden. But he does not state which is the fact that after Judge King returned from Europe, the question at large was brought before him, the result being a decision taking even stronger ground than what Judge Pallmore had taken. Yes, Judge King, who at first seemed rather inclined to side with Mr. McMakin, after mature investigation of the whole merits of the question, and on consideration over the whole field of matter of publication, gave it to be decided, that subscription lists are property, and decided in a week's hard labor any other opinion of property. And this decision will be the decision of the Supreme Court.

A LIBEL SUIT.

A libel suit has been commenced by Mr. Bennett, of the New York Herald, against the publishers of the Dispatch, on account of an article in the latter paper commenting rather freely upon the domestic relations of Mr. Bennett, the character of Mrs. Bennett, her former status in life, &c.

If there is a single individual in New York opinion whom such a matter of importance as the domestic relations of Mr. Bennett, might be justifiably used, that man (if he be not very much belied) is Mr. Bennett, but we should generally be inclined to be liable in resorting to such personalities against any man.

There is a sacredness about the domestic relations, which should be there beyond the reach of unscrupulous controversy. When the character of those most dear is held up to scorn or to ridicule, or the private relations of life attempted to be dragged before the public—on the least sensitive feel that the time to commence a war of words and other means of vindication must be resorted to.

The Dispatch is a paper conducted with extraordinary talent, and very legitimate and successful manners it and the Herald, we should be inclined to go against the latter, but if it be persisted in in our case to drag the domestic relations of an opponent before the public, it must be a very short time. We therefore in the present instance, must record our disapproval of its course.

THE PEACE RUMORS.

We regret to say that the peace rumors which were so suspect of so much boldness and confidence last week, but having had much to feed on since, have begun to wax a little thin and pale. The Washington Union says that "no treaty or project of peace, has been received" by the President, or any other official papers, while they of course adhere to the opinion that there is not always the basis of the whole truth,—and we observe that the Washington correspondent of the Ledger, who is also an equally good authority, still maintains his belief that peace is at hand.

The correspondent of the New York Herald gives a version of the matter, which might reconcile the above apparently conflicting statements. He says:

"There is no truth in the statement that the project of a treaty has been received. There will be no project of a treaty, of the kind, there is no doubt, until the Mexican Congress, which was to assemble on the first of this month, or not another fall at

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, Sr., 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, and is authorized to receive subscriptions for the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Gardener Monthly*, *Professional Gleaner*, *Saint Nicholas*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, and *Graham's Magazine*.

Mr. ISAAC E. JAMES, 102 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States. Authorized to receive subscriptions for the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Gardener Monthly*, *Professional Gleaner*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, *Graham's Magazine*, *Saint Nicholas*, *Home Journal*, and *N. Y. Ledger*.

Mr. HENRY F. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Texas.

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.
THOMAS SEYMOUR is our Travelling Agent for Ohio.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
H. PEIRCE, Jr., is Travelling Agent.
CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and collect payments for us in Lancaster County.
MONTGOMERY T. WEIS, do. do. do. for New York State.

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From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 16th, the Kansas bill was taken up, when Mr. Dix addressed the Senate in reference to the anti-canals of opposing the war, in a speedy and honorable close. He contended that the only means to secure peace was to be found in the war, and to secure Mexican annexation, to be continued until Mexico sues for peace.

On the 17th, Mr. Bright presented a memorial from the Board of Managers of the Female Missionary Society, praying that lands west of the Oregon may be set apart for a settlement for Indians.

Mr. Bagby, of Alabama, added another resolution to a series presented a few days since, asserting that the people of the Territories belonging to the United States have the right to regulate their own affairs.

Mr. Benton presented a petition from Col. Fremont, asking the appointment of a committee by the Senate to examine certain documents in Washington, as to the liabilities assumed by him on California, for which he became the indemnitor to many responsible.

Mr. Benton requested the consideration of the Ten Regiment Bill, and Mr. Douglas objecting the floor, went into a calculation to show the effect of the war on the finances, and the business prosperity of the country. He estimated that up to the 1st of July last, the Treasury had fallen into arrears since the commencement of the war, sixty-eight millions of dollars, and that before the close of the present year this would be increased to not less than eighty millions.

He did not believe that the money asked for could be obtained either by loans or the issue of Treasury notes. The specie in the New York banks did not exceed twenty millions, and that was had about four, and the Baltimore banks two millions. Loans could not be obtained to any large amount in this country, and nothing else will be secured. The great investments in Government stocks, millions of dollars in number, had absorbed most of the active capital—the money market was normally stringent, and the specie was leaving the country.

The state of things was likely to continue as long as the war continues. The only way for the Government to obtain money was to put the treasury note funds into the hands of owners to have about one more dollar in circulation. He contended in value we cannot get money from abroad, because we have nothing to export. The high imports for the future will show, in every point of view, an increase of the balance of trade against us.

On the 20th, Mr. Rusk asked and obtained leave to introduce a bill to amend the Judiciary Act, to increase the naval establishment of the United States. The bill is to provide for the building of five ships, putting the Texan Navy with that of the United States.

Mr. Pearce, from the Library Committee, reported a bill to authorize the printing of certain patents.

The Ten Regiment Bill, making further provision for the supporting widows and soldiers of the Revolution, was taken up.

Mr. Mason, in support of the measure, said that the President for reincarnation whether any doubt have been had and collected upon the subject, he will say so, by what law.

The speech of the day, being the Ten Regiment Bill, was then taken up, and Mr. Phelps resumed his remarks on the bill. He contended it was unjust to the heroes on the side of the chamber, that the debate should be cut off by such a limitation, and if not closed the following week, that he should be obliged to speak to the country.

Mr. Phelps then concluded his remarks, when Mr. Douglas moved to postpone the bill to the 1st of December.

On the 21st, Mr. Niles opposed a bill to amend the Post Office laws, with relation to the compensation of Postmasters, &c.

After some brief conversation, the bill was laid over under a personal explanation relative to the proceedings connected with the Ten Regiment Bill, and read that he had ever advocated the doctrine that he had the right to vote for measures of the kind which we had no claims.

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HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 16th, the next resolution from the Senate, authorizing the purchase of the National Monument in Washington upon the public grounds, was agreed.

On the 17th, Mr. Rockwell, from the Committee on Claims, reported a bill for the relief of Mr. Nelson providing for the preparation and publication of an epitomized report of all the claims, which presented from the commencement of the fourteenth Congress to the close of the last session of Congress, with the name of the House and Senate upon each particular case.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, Jos. R. Ingersoll in the chair.

Mr. Thompson, of Indiana, addressed the Committee. He thought it had been unnecessary for a New York paper some weeks since to having made a speech in the floor in favor of the annexation of Mexico, and in the Washington Union of Tuesday last it was announced that he had made a speech in favor of the war and the administration, when he had made neither.

Mr. Rhett followed, and replied in a considerable argument to the arguments of Mr. Calhoun in favor of the war, declaring that we have a right to conquer and hold territory as indemnity for the Mexican war. On the question of boundary, he set down five propositions. 1st. We cannot found it. 2d. Texas declares the Rio Grande as its boundary; 3d. In no accession with Texas it was agreed that the Rio Grande should occupy the land of Texas east of the Rio Grande. 4th. The Texas Congress declared the Rio Grande that the Rio Grande was the boundary. 5th. Prior to the annexation, Texas claimed the Rio Grande was made the boundary between the two countries.

Mr. Rhett then went into Calhoun's views on the subject of the war, and the war powers, and concluded by saying that he had been induced to vote for the war bill, and he was willing to sustain the President for reincarnation whether any doubt have been had and collected upon the subject, he will say so, by what law.

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Mr. Adams said that the printer was now in the room, and that these tables were at the disposal of the Secretary's hands, and that the delay was owing to him.

Mr. McKay replied that gentlemen had information enough, and urged the early attention of the House to the appropriation Bill.

Mr. Hudson replied, after which the bill was referred and referred to the Committee of the Whole, on the state of the Union.

Mr. McKay's statutory report on the Lost Bill was read and ordered to be printed.

On the 21st, the bill to adjust the boundary between the States of Missouri and Arkansas, was read three times and passed.

A bill presented by Mr. McClernand, making appropriations for the improvement of the Mississippi River, was read twice and referred; also, a bill granting pre-emption rights to settlers in Wisconsin, and a bill providing for the preservation of the public records in the harbor of Chicago already passed.

The bill for the preservation of the works in the harbor of Michigan City was read twice and referred.

A resolution was adopted, calling for the correspondence since December, 1844, between General Jesup, Scott, Taylor and Worth, and the Department of War, the publication of which would not be incompatible with the public interest.

The bills to extend the right of suffrage in the District of Columbia, granting relief to the Indians for educational purposes, and to reduce and graduate the price of public lands, were read twice and referred to Committee.

Mr. Giddings offered a resolution in the negative, declaring that the slave trade carried on in the District of Columbia, or in any other particular authority, and whether any modifications were necessary to the laws on the subject.

Mr. Holmes, of S. C., moved to lay the resolution on the table, which was lost, 81 yeas 91. Last year, Mr. Stevens expressing a wish to debate the resolution.

A resolution offered by Mr. Botts was adopted, requiring us to the Secretary of War and the President Treasury act, and whether the same had been violated.

Another resolution offered by Mr. Botts was also adopted, requiring us to the Secretary by what law or provisions of the Constitution, or other authority, the President of the United States at the "Executive Mansion" of Jefferson, and how the revenue thus acquired has been applied.

On the 1st inst., Mr. Winthrop moved to amend a resolution by instructing the Committee to consider the expediency of appropriating the sum of five millions during the continuance of the war, and before the payment of the last instalment of the present personal property and money at interest, to be applied in defraying the current expenses as provided by the Constitution.

The amendment was adopted, 83 to 59.

Political Intelligence

POLITICAL ITEMS.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Courier, says that Mr. Buchanan, the present Secretary General Taylor's name will be presented by his friends, for the War Department, and that his name will abide the result of their deliberations. I speak of this as a rumor.

The Anti-Wilmot Proviso Democrats at New York, met in Convention at Albany on the 16th and nominated Hamilton Fish, Esq., Judge Duer, of Oneida county, President, unanimously adopted an address denouncing the "no-business" as traitors. They also go for a vigorous prosecution of the war with Mexico.

The New York Tribune avows its determination to use all its influence to prevent the nomination of Gen. Taylor by the Whig National Convention, and to procure the nomination of Mr. Clay.

In Indiana the Whig Convention declared the Wilmot proviso and texas question a National Convention at Cincinnati. The Louisville Journal says: "About three-fourths of the Democratic party in Indiana are opposed to the Wilmot proviso and McLean have their friends."

The chance for a nomination of the Democratic National Convention seem to be greatest in favor of Gen. Cass, and Secretary Buchanan. As the result of the last Convention throws great doubts upon previous probabilities.

The Washington correspondent of the Courier and Journal—admits that the Conservative Republican party in Kentucky is gaining strength, and anticipates that the successful party will soon become a party to internal discord.

Clippings.

☞ Dr. Niles, recently appointed Charge d'Affaires to Sardinia, married the widow of Eugene Aram, who was hung in England many years ago for the murder of "Rum and Blanche" in the Wandering Jew.

☞ When he signed the treaty ceding Louisiana to the United States, Napoleon, with his usual sarcasm, exclaimed, "There! I have given to England a rival that in fifty years will master her."

☞ Prof. Morse, who has been making progress in sweden, that of lowering the waters of the great lakes of Sweden, and which has been talked of for a century, in consequence of the construction of a gigantic canal between Stockholm and Gothenburg. The work is done exclusively by soldiers.

☞ The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says that Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, has realized some $500,000 by the sale of his lands to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

☞ Some one asks, "What will makes not die?" Why, he won't make a pudding, nor mend a pocket, nor darn a stocking.

☞ There is a man in Pennsylvania who so regretful of committing murder that he will not stop to keep a wake stick to the end of her nose on account of the fear of damaging her face with it. Even then, he occasionally makes a mistake.

☞ The following is a sentiment given at the Democratic festival held at Harrisburg on the 8th inst.:

"The Pilgrims—No longer practising a religious intolerance, and of all they came, persecuted from the commencement of the fourteenth Congress to the close of the last session of Congress, with the name of the House and Senate upon each particular case.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, Jos. R. Ingersoll in the chair.

Mr. Thompson, of Indiana, addressed the Committee. He thought it had been unnecessary for a New York paper some weeks since to having made a speech in the floor in favor of the annexation of Mexico, and in the Washington Union of Tuesday last it was announced that he had made a speech in favor of the war and the administration, when he had made neither.

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Varieties.

FRENCH CONVENTS.

Some excitement has been produced by a series of articles in the *Constitutionnel* on the convents of France. The articles in question are now rapidly increasing, and we copy one from a collection of articles about to be published, which will explain some of the most subtle upon themselves:

On Tuesday, Dr. B. visited one of the nunneries which he proposed to examine, and on arriving at the door was shown into the cell in which the patient was living. He was presented with some refreshments, and the symptoms which she felt. She answered in a weak voice that nothing was the matter with her; but her countenance showed pain, and soon after her strength gave way and she fainted. The doctor hastened to enliven her face, and partially opened it in the endeavor to breathe on her temples. Dr. B. —— judge of the surprise he felt on seeing a crucifix placed on the forehead of the unfortunate victim, which entered the flesh. He immediately removed the instrument of torture; but the nun, on recovering from her fainting fit, put her hand to the crucifix, and perceiving that her crucifix had disappeared, supposed that the doctor had taken away, and he could not allow it to be taken from her, for that would have been a profanation. She stood of an act of penitence imposed on her by her confessor. But the doctor asserting his authority, declared he would report proceedings to the head of the order

Selected Poetry.

JOSEPHINE.

We did not mean to scarify last,
Where bird and flower were dying,
Where luxury lolls festival,
And joy smothers the sighing.
We met where dollars squirm most,
In the haunt of the silver dame,
Where Satan shows his shrewdest cheek,
And hides his titled name:
And she knew she could not be, love,
What once she might have been,
But she was kind to me, love,
So pray Josephine!

We did not part beneath the sky,
As warmer lovers pair,
Where night contends the glorious eye,
But not the throbbing heart;
We parted in the spot of ground
Where we first had laughed at love,
And over the posts were loud around
And the lamps were bright above:
"The heaven is very dark, love,
The blast is very keen,
No mortals ride my herd, love—
Good night, my Josephine!"

She did not speak or ring or vow,
But lifted the cup of wine,
And laid the roses from her brow,
To make a wreath for mine;
And bade me, when the pale should tilt
My light skiff on the wave,
To think on little of the gift
As of the hand she gave;
"Oh gaily star the sea, love,
And fleet your oars, lassie's queen;
And look not back to me, love,
Your home is Josephine!"

That parlored freedom and blooms no more,
That are those idle hours
I would not, could I choose, restore
The freshness or the flowers;
Yet oft their wildered wildness will
Return to wasted thrill,
Remember'd as the sun appears with each
But, oh! remember'd still!
And even from your side, my dears,
And even from the scene,
One look is on the tide, love,
One thought with Josephine!

Alas! your lips are rosey,
Your eyes of softer hue,
And I have sighs for you
As I have fish for you.
Our love was like the snow-flakes,
Which melt before you pass—
Or the bubble on the wave, which breaks
Before you tip the glass.
Yet was there symbols true,
Which the lips never sees;
But hid your fingers true,
My poor Josephine!

Selected Articles.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

The governments of Europe make a great parade and wonderful efficiency of peerage in relation to reigning houses. France has its house of Bourbon, Austria that of Hapsburg, Austria that of Hapsburg, and England, after tyring a number of dynasties, has for hundred years, been ruled by the house of Hanover, represented in a race of Georges. All these houses, and many more, are now ancient under the empire of the house of Rothschild. The reign is of the house of Rothschild. The stories of that house is romance has been long and high and its nonchalance are probably more stable than those of any other reigning family. Romance was rapidly from the lowliness of the regiment La Feve to the command of Europe. A military organization is not paramount. Money is. Many of the present families have come from as low as origin as the house of Rothschild, but they have not been longer on the journey, and the name-work of their greatness was built almost in the lapse of generations, each one of which found the palliers raised somewhat. These couples, whereof Mrs. Victoria Eldredge is the most fortunate representative, have been a long time on the way. They may be traced back to the time of the Saxchengen and the story runs, as related to us by a mysterious tarot somebody, in a gossamer tavern at Strasburg, in 1755.—In the year 900, lombard, Count of Alsace, saw an old woman who had three children at a birth, and thinking this unnatural, he called her an adulteress. The old woman in her anger retaliated, praying that the curse of sterility that might have so weary at a birth as there are months in the year. Accordingly, the Duchess of was gone to the closet, by his lady was delivered of twelve boys and leaving the orphans of twelve, he ordered the maid to take eleven in a basket and drown them. On her way she met the Count, who asked what was in her basket? She replied: 'Gooplins' (young dogs.) The Count, however, examined the basket, and found the strength and likeness of the boys, knew them for his sons. He shortened their ancestry, and when they were grown, returned them to the mother. From that time Gooplin has been the family name, and Victoria, in her lachrymose, keeps up the tradition of the family."

The "Gooplin" are, therefore, a great honor but the Rothschild dynasty is in the ascendency. The Baron Lionel de Rothschild is the first Jew member of Parliament, and his admission, by which a special law is required to be passed, is by the English house considered a fitting tribute to the English constitution. If the presence in Parliament strikes one constitution, the money of the house upholds half a dozen. At the moment when he becomes a legislator for England, his house raises the tottering dynasty of Bourbon 250,000,000 francs to sustain it. We are personally acquainted with many members of that house, and we, in Germany, picked up many facts in relation to them.

In the year 1740, in a little Jewish settlement on the Maine, Mayer Amelie Rothschild, a family of poor but respectable Jew pedlars, and in that year they were blessed with a son, whom they called Mayer Amelie Rothschild. They gave him what education their small means would permit, but, tying when he was at the age of eleven, left him to his own resources. He then earned a scanty living by tramping, which he soon abandoned for a trade. But his ambition was to be a priest of his religion. Fortunately for tottering dynasties of the present day, this wish was not accomplished. He trade required him to travel; and after some years he returned to his native place and established a small business. He soon, however, gained considerable notoriety as a collector of old and curious coins, which brought him much in connection with persons of rank, among whom it was a fashion to make such collections. He was sent to Hanover to clerk in a large banking house. Subsequently, with what "pull" exactly we have no means to Frankfort, married, and commenced a little exchange business. He grew sagacity, great punctuality and a contempt of conduct, gained him a godly forward, and towards the close of the century the Frankfort banking house became famous and its profits large. The banker, meantime, brought up his children, of whom five were sons by "after his own heart." and when he died he left them vast wealth and an extensive business, with the injunction to dwell in strict and unbroken unity. And the injunction they bestowed has been religiously obeyed. The sons conducted as many banking houses at the leading capitals at Europe. They were as follows:—the eldest, Anselm, was born in 1773, and was the more substantial partner of Frankfort; and, on the death of his father, he was the head of the whole operations of the house. The second, Salomon, born in 1774, became a citizen of Vienna, where he held rank and attentions as a man, as well as a member in the most fashionable banking house in the world.

The fourth son, Charles, was born in 1788, and, more 1821, conducted the house at Naples, where his popularity is equal to that of any of his brothers. The youngest son, James, was born in 1792, and is banker for Paris, where he possesses a splendor that eclipses most of the Princes of Europe. He died not very long ago, leaving a son, Alphonse, who was born in 1827, and became the head of the London house in 1850, and was in every intellectual respect, a great. It was observed of him that instead of the pebbles of the client it could only be to loud elephants.

These five houses, combining all the financial resources of Europe in their possession, have always maintained, have exercised for half a century, a power unseen but overwhelming.—Nearly all the government debts of Europe are their contracting. Through the wars of Europe their enterprises have always carried, and always in advance of the British government, which was often dependent upon them for information as well as means of action. Although their residences were always widely separated, each controlling all within the sphere of his influence, and commanding all means of information, to important transaction was entered into without consultation and strict harmony of opinion among them all. All commercial exchanges and all movements of loan were known to and often controlled by the old law in Frankfort, who stood in the exercise of his great power link with contempt upon fields despots crying to him for help; and the old soldier would then, as a matter of course, reply that, accordingly, they were reacted in every possible way. In 1815, they were made private councillors of legation, and in 1822, Baron de Rothschild, financial counsellor to the Austrian government; also to the Austrian Embassy, when conferred on them the rank of Baron. In 1826 Nathan died, leaving £35,000,000 and seven children, of whom three were sons. The eldest, Lionel, who had been made Knight of Isabella by the Catholics of Naples, and who is a Baronet, also, a knight of his father, appeared in August, 1850, as the London "Champion in the five dollar duel accepted 30 years. This gentleman it is who has become a member of Parliament at the expense of a change in the English constitution.

The House combined has loaned the King of the French five hundred millions of francs to keep him on the throne a few years longer. It is remitted that at the house has gotten up with government debt, that the contingencies of their power is in some degree dependent upon sustaining government. A branch of the house has been established in New York, conducted by Mr. Augustus Belmont, a relative of Solomon Rothschild of Vienna. Republican free trade does not seem, however, to be the soil in which the commercial business of the great Jews contractors will best flourish.

THE ART OF LIVING WITH OTHERS.

In the first place, if people are to live happily together, they must not fancy, because they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been or must exactly similar up to the present time, that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for ever exactly alike in the future. Considerations of the difference of men at the great thing to be assured of in social knowledge; it is in life what Terence's law of the twelve tables is in jurisprudence. Here we have a knowledge of it with regard to the world in general; they do not expect the outer world to agree with them in all points, but are vexed at not being able to make their own tastes and opinions into those they live with. Diversities diversities. They will not see that there are many forms of virtue and wisdom. Yet we might be well say,—Why all these stars; why this infinite variety; why not one star?"

Many of the rules for people living together in peace follow from the above. They are unwilling to interfere unnecessarily with others, not to ridicule their tastes, not to question and re-question their motives, not to indulge in prurient comment on their proceedings, and to delight in their having other pursuits than ours, are all based upon a thorough perception of the simple fact, that they are not we.

Another rule for living happily with others is, to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. If we mostly disagree, when people live much together, that they came to have certain set topics, around which those fragrant disputes, have as much growth of angry words, concluded vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference assumed a standing subject for quarrel; and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to draft down to it.

Again, if people want to live well together, they must not lead too much to look, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson was thus clearly with regard to marriage, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minutiæ of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no use for such reasoning, and nothing that is worth them. And when we have reasoned with our lawyers, or two politicians, each on his own side, and they have settled that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason, Dr. Johnson now this clearly with regard to marriage, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minutiæ of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no use for such reasoning, and nothing that is worth them. And when we have reasoned with our lawyers, or two politicians, each on his own side, and they have settled that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason, and reasoned reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such reasoning is the best mode to arrive at truth: but certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. Remember that your "friends" and "critics" judges' parents for themselves is very large in any society; that it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kind and friendly criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the precision that judge brought before them in the guise of culprits. They are "down upon" every one they come across, others alluded to, in that which may be called exaggeration of their own ideas. "Shall I be considered?" Shall you listened to me"—"But you always will!"—and such short passages of arms-bouts, may consist many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and reflected, and of which we cannot call to mind the exact terms of discussion.

Another rule is, not to let satisfactorily smaller things accumulate. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we would not say to strangers, and, below. Terror is no place, slavery, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say to the wife or husband, speak out more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously than you do to strangers.

Again, we must not expect more from the society of our companions than it can give; we must not be angry with them because they cannot supply us with many things. It is somewhat arrogant to talk of travelling over other minds (and being, for what we know, not into); but still we become familiar with the superficial aspect of our associates, and we are apt to be it is hardly in man to estimate justly what is unlike to him. In travelling along at night, as Humboldt says, we catch a glimpse into cheerful-looking rooms, with light blazing in them, and we conjecture of that our life therein is something like to be. Yet there is love—and hell in those rooms. We come into and hell in those rooms. We come into and hell in those rooms. We come into